

OVER A FIRST EDITION COPY OF LOVE-
LACE.

[British museum reading room.]
The yellow half light shines within
On many a bulky volume,
Without the pavements roar with din
And rock with ooze and mire.

Gold at a bookshop called the Gun,
That stood in Irie lane,
The page before me, soiled and dun,
Exhales both joy and pain.

Brooding upon those troublesome times
In most bewitching way
I see from out the courtly rhymes
The sweet Lucasta rise.

The brow no grief has writ upon,
The frown eyes sincere,
And all the winsome grace that won
The poet cavalier.

The voice—but hold! What voice is that?
"Thy Sylvia's I love!"
A beauty in a Bond street hat
Who begs me go with her.

Who could withstand that tender touch,
Those glances that implore?
Dick Lovelace, though I love thee much,
Forsooth, I love her more!

—Clinton Scollard in Critic.

A DAKOTA HERO.

"Well, Jim, I don't know what you intend to do in the matter, but I guess it's time to strike."

"Strike what?" returned his companion, rather sulkily.

"Look here," replied Eric, getting up from the table where he had been eating a scanty meal of bread and green tea, "you know well enough what I mean. That fellow has cumbered this claim of Peters long enough. Many's the talk you and I have had about it, and we agreed that if Peters didn't come back from Ontario mighty quick and make his title good we wouldn't be put off any longer. Peters is simply a speculator. He doesn't intend to settle, and he has put this old man Jacobs on his place to hoodwink the government. Besides, what good is Jacobs on it anyway? Peters is doing far too well at his trade ever to come back. Moreover, you may bet your bottom dollar on this—if we don't grab it, some one else will. But what's the use of talking to you! Whenever there's anything to be done you've no more go to you than an old mule."

At this outburst Jim exclaimed, somewhat angrily: "Well, I suppose it's got to be done. It's a disagreeable job anyway, and I never relished it. Peters is a fool or he might know that sooner or later some one would be sure to jump his claim, and as for Jacobs, I don't care a candle for him. He's a silent, surly dog, nothing neighborlike about him, and everlastingly prowling round the prairie searching for claim corner posts which don't exist. But if you're for acting we've better get the thing over this very afternoon and have done with it."

This conversation took place in a small shanty in the state of Dakota. Both speakers were strong, heavily built and endowed with that endurance which comes to those inured to one of the coldest climates in the world. It was January, and the prairie was covered with snow 3 feet deep, save where the cutting wind had swept it into deeper hillocks, frozen hard enough to bear a horse and rider's weight. The prospect from the small window of the shack was not inviting, the monotonous level of the plain being broken here and there only by a few stunted willows and young poplars.

Not a house or sign of life was visible, except that now and then the still, sharp air was disturbed by a whirling circle of snowbirds, sure runners in that region of a storm. Above, the afternoon sun shone brilliantly without imparting the slightest heat, and as its rays fell through the window they lighted up the small, miserable room where Jim Wade and Eric Edsen sat, the only contents of which were a large poplar wood bedstead, No. 8 cooking stove, with lids badly cracked, three chairs, an iron pot and a badly battered teakettle.

Having delivered himself of the above speech, Jim knocked the ashes out of his pipe and as he passed out of the door to saw more wood said:

"I guess you'd better hurry up, Eric, and saddle the mules. It will be as much as we can manage to get there and back before dark."

Thus enjoined, Eric, chuckling to think he had at last screwed up Jim to the sticking point, hurried out to the log stable behind the shanty, and hastily saddling the mules the two men rode off. They had about a mile and a half to ride along a track rendered smooth and beaten by the daily tramp of their mules to water. A quarter of a mile from where they left this trail they would come to another shanty similar to their own, roughly built of two layers of slabs with tar paper between, where lived, or rather existed, the man Jacobs.

He had been there some six months now, was old and feeble and apparently without money. He raised some potatoes for his own use and kept a few hens in an underground henhouse, which after infinite toil he had dug out. Peters, who owned the place, was working at his trade of blacksmith down in Ontario, and it was generally supposed that he kept Jacobs supplied in groceries on condition he would live on the place and keep off grabbers.

Edsen had long coveted this 100 acres which comprised Peters' homestead. But there was a certain unwritten code of honor in the district which opposed, on principle, the jumping of others' claims, and this had made Wade hesitate about seizing it. Edsen, however, had no such scruples. He reflected that if he waited till the disappearance of

the snow and the spring immigration he would lose his chance. He accordingly resolved to turn the old man out neck and crop at once, whose existence he had already burdened with continual threats.

No word was spoken between the two men as they rode on in Indian file. The air, which had been intensely cold and still all day, began to grow warmer. At the same time an occasional gust of wind threw a cloud of fine snow against the mules' feet and then died away as quickly as it had come. It was getting dark, and increasing their pace they soon arrived at Jacobs' shanty. But the old man, who was standing outside splitting firewood, had seen them coming a long way off, their mounted figures standing boldly outlined against an ominous bank of clouds which the setting sun was now staining to a lurid red. Eric, making Jim a sign to hold his tongue, hailed the old man thus:

"How long before Peters comes back, Jacobs?"

"That I cannot just say for certain."

"I suppose you know that he has already been off his place more than six months right along?"

"Aye, I guess maybe he has."

"I suppose, then, you know that Peters has forfeited his place under the homestead act?"

"Well, as to that, I can't say. I'm here to hold it for him, being, you see, a kind of chum, and I guess he's as good a right to it as any one, seeing he's done improvements on it."

"That doesn't count for nothing unless he lives on it," retorted Edsen, "and, besides, my pal here" (pointing to Jim, who, with sheepish face, was beating his mits to together to keep the blood circulating), "wants this place, and he's going to have it, so you'd better turn out inside of 24 hours, or we'll make the place too hot to hold you. Do you hear?"

"Aye, I hear you, Eric Edsen," replied the old man, his eyes kindling, and grasping his ax a trifle more firmly. "You've threatened before now, but I'm here still, and if you want the claim you'll have to take it by force over my dead body, for I swore to my chum that I'd hold it, and I'll keep my oath if I die for it."

"We'll see about that," hissed Edsen through his teeth. "We'll burn you out, shack and all, bundle of useless bones that you are, if you're not out of here by this time tomorrow."

Then he called to Jim: "Come on. It's waste of time talking. Looks as if we were in for a badish night, and our flour all but out. I hope Serge will get back from Grand Forks tomorrow or we'll be in a tight fix."

Wheeling his mule, and turning in the Mexican saddle to shake his fist at the old man, he shouted back, "I've warned you square enough; this time tomorrow," and both putting their mules into a gallop they rapidly disappeared in the fast falling darkness.

The old man slowly gathered up his wood in little bundles and carried them in, shut his door tight, replenished the stove and sat down. So this was the end of it all, he sadly thought, the end of all the lonely life he had led. Tomorrow he would have to fight for his home, perhaps his life, or abandon everything.

He rapidly considered. From the look of the sky, one of Dakota's terrible blizzards was threatening. If he decided to leave, he would have to tramp five miles to reach the nearest shelter; his clothing was poor, quite inadequate for such a journey even in calm weather, much less in a storm. There was no trail; the temperature was 25 degrees below zero, but then, if he dare not venture out, neither dare they; the coming storm would keep them at home too. This slight gleam of hope encouraged him.

He rose and opened the door, but a furious gust drove him in again. The sun had now sunk and the bank of clouds had rapidly spread eastward. Mechanically he looked at his wood pile. Thank God, he had enough, at any rate, and lots of flour too. He couldn't freeze or starve as long as he staid where he was. He quickly shut the door, threw on some red willow to raise a hot fire and made himself a strong brew of tea.

Outside the wind was steadily rising. It ceased to come in gusts now, but howled ominously round the old shack, now and again lifting and rattling the ragged edges of loose tar paper on the roof. The old man, sitting and musing by the stove, suddenly started, and muttered to himself excitedly: "Aye, aye, that's what he said, you bet your life, and he'll never get through in time."

The blizzard had come. During all that day the old man kept close, never even going outside to stir wood. He had enough cut for 24 hours; perhaps the weather would moderate then. He shuddered at the thought of what moderate weather might bring for him, and drew closer still to the small, miserable stove. The clock on the wall seemed to him to tick monotonously on: "What then? What then? What then?" He closed his eyes to shut it out, but still he could hear its diabolical insinuation eating into his very soul.

Toward night the storm reached its height. It had already raged 36 hours, and the old man smiled to himself as he reflected that more than 24 hours had already gone since the threat had been made. He passed another restless night, and with break of dawn looked out. The storm was evidently moderating, but the cold was becoming more intense. Through that morning he walked up and down incessantly, as if irresolute from some great and terrible inward struggle. At last, seizing a bag, he hastily threw into it a lot of flour and a hunch of pork, tied it around his body with rope, then wrapping his blankets round him he strapped them firmly on, increased his hands in his well worn buckskin mitts and as though not daring to weaken his resolve by waiting swiftly opened and closed his door and vanished in the gradually abating storm.

It was 1 in the afternoon. During all this time Edsen and Wade had waited in vain for Serge's return from Grand Forks. Either he had not started, fearing the storm, or if he had started he was by this time assuredly lost. Their flour had been out now two days, they had not even a pinch of tobacco, and the cold, from insufficient banking outside, penetrated the unevenly laid floor.

Selfish as Edsen's nature was, his one redeeming trait was his affection for Jim, and when he saw him now lying on the bed, abandoning all hope with the burning cold and want of food, his distress was great. Stealing quietly to a shelf, he took down a large crust, his own share of their final meal, which he had kept as a last resource, stinting himself if happily he might save his friend. He moistened this now in snow water and held it to Jim's lips, trying to force him to take it, and encouraging him in every way to keep up his pluck, as the storm was clearing off and help would come.

Glancing at the clock he saw it was close on 2. As he turned to support Jim, who was becoming unconscious, he thought he heard a crunching sound outside the door as of a heavy body on the snow. He listened. The same sound again, and this time a low moan. Eric tore open the door, only to see, not five yards off, a huddled form crawling on hands and feet. It was not ten seconds and Eric had the form inside and the door closed. He shook the powdered snow from the blanketed figure, which lay silent and quite still. He looked into the face and an awful cry broke from his lips which brought Jim to his feet.

Gently now Eric loosened the sack from the body and chafed the helpless hands with snow. They were frozen hard as stones. The figure muttered something, and Eric, stooping down, heard these words, "Not—far—now—warmer—warmer." The words died on the trembling lips, the true brown eyes opened wide in a vacant stare, the head fell back. He was dead, and nothing was now heard but the vain sobbing of the two land grabbers in the shack and over it the wail of the dying blizzard chanting the hero's dirge.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Wise Don'ts for Married Men.

Don't be cross when your wife suggests a new hat.
Don't think more of your pocket-book than you think of your wife.
Don't grow ugly when she meekly requests a little money.
Don't forget that a part of your money is hers, for she helped you make it.
Don't make her buy a cheap hat when you are able to buy a nice one.
Don't forget that a first-class milliner can make your wife appear younger and better looking.

An Old Doctor's Favorite.

Dr. L. M. Gilliam, who practiced medicine over forty years, originated, used and claimed that Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.) which has now been in use about fifty-five years, was the best Tonic and Blood Purifier ever given to the world. It never fails to cure the most malignant ulcers, sores, rheumatism, catarrh, and all skin and blood diseases. Beware of substitutes. Use this standard remedy. Price per large bottle \$1.00.

AFTER SEVERAL DOCTORS FAILED.

I have been afflicted with Catarrh for many years, although all sorts of medicines and several doctors did their best to cure me. My blood was very impure, and nothing ever had any effect upon the disease until I used that Great Blood Remedy known as Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.), a few bottles of which effected an entire cure. I recommend it to any merchant or banker of Athens, Ga., and will reply to any inquiries.

R. R. SAULTER.

For sale by Druggist.

—There are two ways of getting rich—one by adding to our possessions, the other by diminishing our desires. The latter is much the easier and readier.

The Old South in the New South.

ATLANTA, Ga., November 24.—The organization of the Confederate Veterans' Reunion Association was completed here to-day. This is to be the active agent in preparing for the reunion to be held here next year, the date of which has been put for July 21 and 22, the anniversary of the battle of Atlanta.

The local Association has at its head Gen. C. A. Evans, who is also the commander of the State of Georgia. He is assisted by a board of Vice Presidents, one from every Congressional district, and an executive committee of 25 prominent citizens. It is expected that the largest gathering of survivors ever seen in the South will come next year, as arrangements have been made by which every old soldier in the State of Georgia will be transported and entertained. The organization of the Reunion Association starts the work of preparing for the entertainment of the hosts to come. Systematic work will be done, and every detail is to be managed with military accuracy. The first regular meeting of the Association has been called for Wednesday next.

—Love and a canal boat are both internal transports.

GETTING RICH.

Ever since the world began men have been trying to get rich.

Any healthy man should be able to get money. Any healthy man will get money. It is a simple matter. A matter of healthy brain tissue, healthy muscle tissue. Failure is impossible to the man

whose every brain cell, nerve and muscle tingles with the inspiration, the energy, the audacity and the grit of health, and whose every artery bounds with rich, pure, invigorating blood.

You have to go to the bottom of things in this world if you wish to accomplish much. It does not pay to merely skim over the surface. This is true of disease as well as of everything else. It is the popular belief that headache and sleeplessness are due to some trouble confined to the brain. Nothing could be further from the truth. These troubles are merely signals that the digestive organs are disordered and the blood impure. It does no permanent good to treat them with sedatives. In order to produce cure, a medicine must be used that goes to the bottom of things, that corrects the "first cause" of the trouble. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery does exactly this. It is the greatest blood-maker and purifier. It fills the arteries with rich, red, tissue-building blood, invigorates the nerves, stimulates digestion, brings back the healthy appetite, and restores "Nature's soft nurse," sleep. Thousands have testified to its value.

"I was a sufferer for six years from indigestion, sore stomach, and constant headache," writes E. P. Holmes, P. O. Box 273, Quincy, S. C. "I tried several of our best physicians and found no permanent relief. I commenced the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets, which gave me prompt relief. When I commenced using the medicines I could not sleep, had a restless, uneasy feeling all the time, and my skin was yellow and dry. I weighed only 148 pounds. I now weigh 170 pounds. Have a good color, rest well at night, have a good appetite, and can eat almost anything I wish. For two years I ate nothing but graham bread."

"I write to inform you that I am now enjoying magnificent health, after having suffered for years with chronic catarrh," writes Ramon Sanchez, Esq., of Pensaco, Yucos Co., New Mexico. "By constant use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' I have recovered my health and am now both physically and mentally a sound man, attending to my business and enjoying life. I take great pleasure in cordially recommending your medicine to those who are suffering with the same insidious and loathsome disease."

"I had been suffering for about eleven years with a pain in the back of my head, which extended down my back," writes Mr. Robert Hubbard, of Varnes, Lincoln Co., Ark. "The pain was as though some one was holding a hot iron at the back of my head. I had such a fever, I suffered that way for eleven years and spent a great deal of money with different doctors and for medicine, but did not get any relief. One day a friend came to me in the field (where I was trying to work) and told me that he had heard of Dr. Pierce, and he thought he could cure me. I tried four bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and felt better. Then I sent for five more, and now I am glad to tell every one that by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, I am in good health."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is a book of 1,008 pages and over three hundred illustrations, some of them colored, all fully explained. This book is free. It has been selling for \$1.50. Now you may have it in all its usefulness and in strong paper covers, for 21 one-cent stamps, which pays the cost of mailing only, or in cloth binding for 31 stamps. It is a valuable medical library all contained in a single volume.

Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

J. S. Fowler, Plaintiff, against Marion Rakew, Defendant.—Summons for Relief.—Complaint not served.

To the Defendant above named: YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, at Anderson, S. C., and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscribers at their office, at Anderson, S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated November 16th, A. D. 1897.

TRIBBLE & PRINCE, Plaintiff's Attorneys, Anderson, S. C. (Seal.) JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. P.

To Marion Rakew, Defendant, above named: You will take notice that the Complaint in this action, together with the Summons, of which the foregoing is a copy, were filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Anderson, November 16, 1897.

TRIBBLE & PRINCE, Plaintiff's Attorneys, Anderson, S. C., Nov. 24, 1897.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has just received a Car Lot of Kentucky Horses and Mules, which he will sell on the basis of 5 cent cotton. Come and see them. No trouble to show them.

W. B. MAGRUDER.

Nov 24, 1897.

SOMETHING NEW

5¢

Large package of the world's best cleanser for a nickel. Still greater economy in 4 pound package. All grocers. Made only by THE E. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.



Fresh Cake Materials.

Pulv. Sugars, Shelled Almonds, Raisins, Nuts all kinds, Mince Meat, Butter, Royal Baking Powder, Citron, Dates, Prunes, Evaporated California Peaches, Dried Apples, Currants, Seedless Raisins. ALL KINDS FANCY CONFECTIONS, Tenney's Candies, Tobaccos, Cigars and Cheroots a specialty. New lot of Magic Yeast, Fresh Cottolene.

H. B. FANT & SON.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

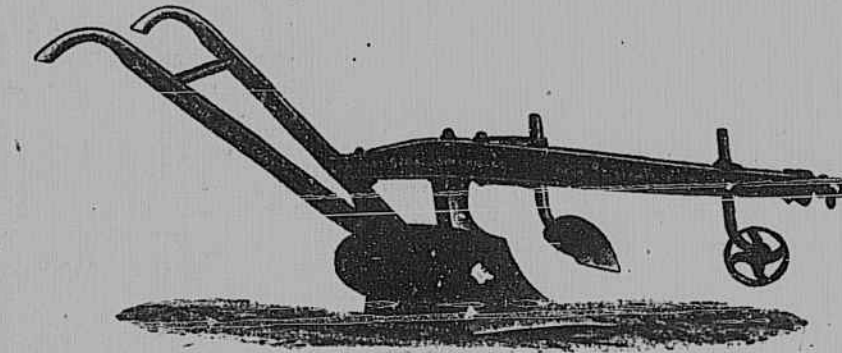
YES, and the Housekeeper is making preparations for its reception. We are prepared to assist the Housekeeper, and are now receiving—

NEW CURRANTS, NEW RAISINS, NEW FIGS, NEW PRUNES, NEW NUTS of all kinds, CANNED MEATS, CANNED FRUITS, CANNED VEGETABLES, BOTTLED PICKLES, SAUCES, CATSUPS, Etc., Etc.

We are also receiving every week APPLES, ORANGES, BANANAS, CRANBERRIES, and other Fruits. Our line of CONFECTIONS cannot be surpassed, and we still have a select Stock of CIGARS and TOBACCOS. Our Goods are fresh and first-class, and our prices will please you. Give us a call and see our Stock.

Yours to please, G. F. BIGBY.

Free City Delivery.



THOSE GREAT SYRACUSE CHILLED PLOWS

ARE still in the lead, and continue to receive the highest praises throughout Anderson County. Don't be deceived into buying a Plow that is said to be just as good as the Syracuse.

Make no mistake, and buy only the BEST at prices to beat the world. They are the lightest, the strongest, the best Turn Plow made.

Syracuse Plows are the Standard of the World. So come straight to headquarters and get a Plow that is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction.

Remember that we are sole agents, and have just received a solid Car Load.

Yours truly,

BROCK BROS.

P. S.—We have a few LADIES' BICYCLES that we are offering at a great sacrifice. See us before buying.

A. B. B.

SHOES, SHOES!

To be given Away for the Least Money ever Heard Of. Bargains in Job Lot of Shoes.

OUR LADIES' LINE—Women's Heavy Winter Shoes at 60c. Women's Whole Hock Heavy Winter Shoes at 80c. Women's Glove Grain Button at 90c. Women's Dongola Button, solid, at 50c. Women's Dongola Button, Neat and Stylish, at \$1.20. Women's Dongola Button, a Real Fine Shoe, at \$1.35.

MEN'S CROCK BOTTOM LINE—Men's Heavy Plow Shoes, Solid Leather, at 80c. Men's Crock Congress at \$1.20. Men's Oak Kip Whole Stock Brogans at \$1.20. Men's Light Weight Calf Congress, Opera Tip, 90c. Men's Light Weight Calf Congress, Globe Tip, 90c. Men's Light Weight Calf Congress, Plain Toe, 90c. The same shoe in all the different toes, 100c.

Men's Congress and Lace—a shoe for hard service—\$1.20. Our finer line of shoes just as cheap in proportion. While our prices are the lowest, it is in no wise suggestive of poor quality and it is our aim in the future to watch carefully the interest and demands of our increasing trade on Shoes. We want everybody to look at our goods whether you buy or not. All above goods guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

Yours, working for trade,

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.

P. S.—2nd RED RUST PROOF OATS Cheap.

"PREPARE FOR WAR IN TIME OF PEACE!"

Buy your HEATING STOVES before Cold Weather.

WE have a large line of Air Tight Wood Heaters, of Coal Heaters, of Open Grate Heaters, and of Box Stoves that we are offering at LOW COTTON PRICES. We have left a few TEA SETS and DINNER SETS. They must be sold, so be sure to get our prices before buying.

We have an elegant line of JARDINIERS. See them and you will be satisfied with the price.

TIN WATER SETS, GALV. WATER SETS, ENAMELED WATER SETS. A large stock on hand, so save money by seeing them before buying.

LAMPS from 10c. each to \$6.00. Some beauties with Shades for only 85c. If you have never traded with us just call and be shown through our Stock and satisfy yourselves that we are in the business to stay. At a large Stock, fair treatment and LOW PRICES has anything to do with it. Remember we have—

Tinware, Cook Stoves, Crockery, &c.

Yours for Trade,

OSBORNE & CLINKSCALES.

J. C. WHITEFIELD, DENTIST.

OFFICE—Front Room, over Farmers and Merchants Bank, ANDERSON, S. C. Feb 10, 1897.

SEABOARD AIRLINE VESTIBULE LIMITED TRAINS DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE

TO ATLANTA, CHARLOTTE, WILMINGTON, NEW ORLEANS AND NEW YORK, BOSTON, RICHMOND, WASHINGTON, NORFOLK, PORTSMOUTH.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT FEB. 7, 1896.

SOUTHBOND		
No. 403.	No. 401.	
Lv New York via Penn R. R. 11:00 am	Ar 12:05 pm	
Lv Philadelphia " 1:15 pm	Ar 2:05 pm	
Lv Baltimore " 2:15 pm	Ar 3:05 pm	
Lv Washington " 3:15 pm	Ar 4:05 pm	
Lv Richmond, A. C. L. 4:15 pm	Ar 5:05 pm	
Lv Norfolk via S. A. L. 5:15 pm	Ar 6:05 pm	
Lv Portsmouth " 6:15 pm	Ar 7:05 pm	
Lv Weldon " 7:15 pm	Ar 8:05 pm	
Lv Henderson " 8:15 pm	Ar 9:05 pm	
Lv Durham " 9:15 pm	Ar 10:05 pm	
Lv Raleigh via S. A. L. 10:15 pm	Ar 11:05 pm	
Ar Sanford " 11:05 pm	Ar 12:05 pm	
Ar Southern Pines " 12:05 pm	Ar 1:05 pm	
Ar Hamlet " 1:05 pm	Ar 2:05 pm	
Ar Wrenn " 2:05 pm	Ar 3:05 pm	
Ar Monroe " 3:05 pm	Ar 4:05 pm	
Ar Charlotte " 4:05 pm	Ar 5:05 pm	
Ar Chester " 5:05 pm	Ar 6:05 pm	
Lv Columbia, C. N. & L. R. 6:05 pm	Ar 7:05 pm	
Ar Clinton S. A. L. 7:05 pm	Ar 8:05 pm	
Ar Greenwood " 8:05 pm	Ar 9:05 pm	
Ar Asheville " 9:05 pm	Ar 10:05 pm	
Ar Elberton " 10:05 pm	Ar 11:05 pm	
Ar Athens " 11:05 pm	Ar 12:05 pm	
Ar Winder " 12:05 pm	Ar 1:05 pm	
Ar Atlanta S. A. L. (Cen. Time) 1:05 pm	Ar 2:05 pm	

NORTHBOND		
No. 402.	No. 39.	
Lv Atlanta S. A. L. (Cen. Time) 12:00 pm	Ar 1:00 pm	
Lv Winder " 1:00 pm	Ar 2:00 pm	
Lv Athens " 2:00 pm	Ar 3:00 pm	
Lv Elberton " 3:00 pm	Ar 4:00 pm	
Lv Asheville " 4:00 pm	Ar 5:00 pm	
Lv Greenwood " 5:00 pm	Ar 6:00 pm	
Lv Clinton " 6:00 pm	Ar 7:00 pm	
Lv Columbia, C. N. & L. R. 7:00 pm	Ar 8:00 pm	
Lv Chester " 8:00 pm	Ar 9:00 pm	
Lv Asheville " 9:00 pm	Ar 10:00 pm	
Lv Wrenn " 10:00 pm	Ar 11:00 pm	
Lv Monroe " 11:00 pm	Ar 12:00 pm	
Lv Southern Pines " 12:00 pm	Ar 1:00 pm	
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Lv Durham " 2:00 pm	Ar 3:00 pm	
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Lv Richmond " 7:00 pm	Ar 8:00 pm	
Lv Washington " 8:00 pm	Ar 9:00 pm	
Lv Baltimore " 9:00 pm	Ar 10:00 pm	
Lv Philadelphia " 10:00 pm	Ar 11:00 pm	
Lv New York " 11:00 pm	Ar 12:00 pm	

No. 403 and 402 "The Atlanta Special" Solid vestibule Train of Pullman Sleepers and Coaches between Washington and Atlanta, also Pullman